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THE SLIGONIAN

VOL. I

TAKOMA PARK, D. C., NOVEMBER, 1916

No. 5

Thanksgiving Day

EVA B. NELSON

ONE of the brightest, happiest days of all the year is Thanksgiving Day. Around this day cluster memories freighted with joy and pleasure,—happy reunions with dear ones, precious hours when “old broken links of affection” were restored, and when all together enjoyed the bounties of the season.

Such has Thanksgiving Day always been since the first one was observed by the Pilgrim Fathers in 1621; when, filled with rejoicing for the bountiful harvest they had reaped, they set apart a day for thanksgiving and praise, and the enjoying of the fruits of their labor. And this day of rejoicing after harvest, calls to our minds the feast which the Lord appointed for ancient Israel, when after harvest time they, too, were to have a time of thanksgiving, when they were to “be altogether joyful.”

Nothing could be more fitting than that we should have such a day, when we can pause a little, and reflect upon the many blessings we are enjoying from the hand of the Giver of every good gift. For on every side there is something for which to be thankful. In the words of Emerson,—

“For flowers that blow about our feet;
For tender grass, so fresh and sweet;
For song of bird, and hum of bee;
For all things fair we hear or see,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee!

“For blue of stream and blue of sky;
For pleasant shade of branches high;
For fragrant air and cooling breeze;
For beauty of the blooming trees,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee!”

However, as Thanksgiving Day comes to us this year, perhaps some of us may feel that we have nothing for which to be thankful. The success we had hoped for during the vacation months may not have been realized; or in some way we may feel that the hand of Providence is resting heavily upon us. But the injunction, “In everything give

thanks," includes all circumstances in which one may be placed; and if we possessed true vision, we should doubtless see that the times when our prospects are not the brightest, are the very ones we could be most thankful for. Then we would say with all our heart, —

"For gainful hours of pain and loss,
For strength that grew beneath the cross,
For gold refined and freed from dross,
We thank thee, Lord."

So when we do pause and honestly recount the blessings we are enjoying every day, we become lost in the abundance of them. There might, then, go from the life of each one of us such a spirit of thanksgiving that our particular place in life would be radiant with cheery thankfulness, and every day be a bright Thanksgiving Day.

Whole-hearted Service

E. M. MELEEN

AN individual who wishes to gain success in any worldly enterprise must apply himself diligently to his business. He must give his thought, energy, and interest to his work. He has many difficulties to overcome and much competition to meet. If he is not continually seeking to improve his knowledge of his work, if he does not attend to it with all his ability, if he scatters his interests, if he is disorderly and careless, he soon sees his business going to ruin.

The same principle applies to the Christian life. Every true Christian makes Christianity his chief business; all other interests are secondary. He also has great difficulties to overcome, and fears and perplexities to meet. He must daily strive to grow in his Christian experience, and give to that his undivided interest. Half-hearted and slovenly Christian service is a far greater failure than half-hearted service in worldly business.

There is nothing that is so discouraging, so destructive to our joy and happiness, or so weakening to the character, as to appear to be a Christian and at the same time to be careless of our conduct. Why will we, who wish to be called Christians, continue to commit acts which we know are contrary to the principles of true Christian service? Can Christians indulge in cheap novels, moving picture shows and vaudeville; display jewelry and extreme styles of apparel about their persons; engage in frivolity and foolish jesting; practice little dishonesties; and commit other unbecoming acts and still feel that they are rendering their Master due service? It is faithfulness in small

matters that gives joy and happiness in the Christian life, and makes the difference between real and false Christians.

As Seventh-day Adventist young people, it lies in our power to honor or dishonor God's truths. We have a high standard of life, and the world is watching to see how nearly we live up to it. Our actions reflect not only upon ourselves but upon the whole movement; for the world judges Seventh-day Adventism by the lives of those who profess to believe it. Our every day life has more influence on the world than all the sermons ever preached.

We are known as a peculiar people, and that is a great privilege. But why should we be called peculiar, unless we are really different from the people of the world? Merely bearing the name of a Seventh-day Adventist, profits us nothing. That only makes us conspicuous. We should not only profess, but we should be true to our profession. By standing like a rock, for all principles of Christian service we increase our own joy, and influence towards the truth many who are unmoved by preaching. It is he who wholly surrenders self and renders whole-hearted service that makes a success of his Christian life.

With Nature in the Fall

PERCY T. COWLES

"WITH what a glory comes and goes the year!"

In the springtime all the world is young, the earth clothes itself in verdure, the buds break their scales under the coaxing of the sun, the tender flowers poke their heads up through the winter's mold, the birds come back from their sojourn in the South. Life returns to Nature. The warmth of the lengthening days cheers and inspires us, thrilling us with life and being. All Nature is clothed with beauty, to which our souls respond and are glad.

No less inspiring is the dying of the year. After the verdure and brightness of Spring, and the splendor and fullness of Summer, Nature puts forth her greatest efforts in the richness and mellowness of Autumn. After a crisp frost has come and touched the maples and oaks with living color, and has enticed the chestnuts to open their burrs and scatter their precious fruit on the ground, it is the best time to enjoy the Fall. Walks out in the woods are then most pleasant. A flash of scarlet through a thicket and a short, sharp note betray the presence of the cardinal. A mellow warble from the bough of a nearby tree and a dart of blue disclose the bluebird's presence. A series of descending notes, corresponding to its peculiar dipping, flitting flight across the field of golden-rod yonder, tell of the goldfinches.

The year is now mature, at the height of its richness; the nuts are ripening, and Nature showers on her children her "bright inheritance of golden fruits." She seemingly relinquishes her hold bit by bit. As the days go by the sun sets a few minutes earlier each evening; although the leaves begin to fall, evidence that the year is waning, yet Nature paints all with the varied hues and tints of autumn and is more lavish in her riot of color than ever before in the year.

Indeed, what is a more pleasing and more fitting benediction upon the parting day than the robin's hymn of praise? As the shadows lengthen in the brown, sere fields; while the murmuring of the brook is scarcely audible, when all is quiet, stilled with reverence it seems, the robin, his breast aflame, pours out his heart and soul in an ecstasy of song. The depths of one's soul are stirred, and the heart is attuned to Nature and at peace with God. Such experiences may come rarely to one, but they are ne'er to be forgotten.

Nature strives to tell us that, though soon she will be clothed in death and dreariness, yet in the days to come she will once more wake up in life and beauty, to cast behind her again the whiteness and solitude of Winter. So the dying of the year is really a promise of its resurrection again, and surely it is a promise of hope and cheer to all.

The Harvest Ingathering

THE Harvest Ingathering work was entered into with unusual interest by our student body. Before eight o'clock on Tuesday morning, October thirty, companies of young people were on the way to the car line. Many strangers who met them on the street wondered what such a body of young people was about to do. One man who inquired soon found himself giving a dollar.

If the people of the territory assigned to the College could have seen the student body *en masse* making for their neighborhood, they would all have been "not at home." But all they saw was a single, neat-appearing, and unassuming young person who had called on a very important business. Several of the students received over \$10.00 each. Those who did not receive such large returns from their efforts were none the less blessed by their experiences.

In our work, however, we were handicapped by lack of territory. The district given the College was far too small, and was soon exhausted. Another day will be given, with unlimited territory, to the students who have a desire to go out again. Many are anxious for this opportunity. The money already received totals \$210.51, for which we feel very grateful.

□ Into All the World □

The Contribution of School Life to Missionary Training

W. A. SPICER

EVERY department in school work should supply the elements that go to make up the preparation for missionary service.

BIBLE STUDY

First in importance is the Bible department. When the missionary lands in a field, he finds himself surrounded by people whom he can help to reformation of life only by the ministry of the living Word of salvation, whether by preaching, teaching, or the agency of the printed page. A personal religious experience, rooted in a knowledge of the Word, and a whole-souled confidence in it as the very Word of God's power, is the first essential. No other agency can do the work or begin to do the work. The veteran missionary, Dr. John Ross, pioneer of Korea, says:—

“The history of Christian missions from the beginning to the present day proves that not the toilsome methods of human wisdom, whether educational or medical, have produced the great Christian movements among non-Christian peoples. These were the outcome of the simple, clear, convincing, earnest, and sympathetic preaching of the gospel. Not by the wisdom of the world, but by what the world has always called the ‘foolishness of preaching’ have souls of men been gathered out of godless hopelessness into the light and life and joy of a God-filled existence.”—*“International Review of Missions,” July, 1913.*

The sorriest thing in the world would be for the missionary to land in a far field without a thorough knowledge of the definite message to be delivered to every people and tongue, and an invincible conviction of its unquestionable divine authority.

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

Each department of study contributes its elements essential to missionary growth. Mathematics, aside from its direct usefulness, trains to accuracy and logical thinking. Depend upon it, the field work calls for that. History comes in not only as the response to divine prophecy, but the study of history must help the student to become

acquainted with the world and its peoples, so that he may the more readily understand strange conditions amidst which he may be called to labor. Nothing stands more in the way of the "missionary-in-the-making" when he reaches the field than a narrow racial or national outlook. In the language department the student is handling the very tools of missionary service, whether in acquiring a respectable use of his own or the rudiments of a foreign language. Thoroughness is surely the word here. Slipshod use of English must inevitably mean inaccurate use of a foreign tongue and a corresponding weakness in the delivery of the sacred message.

THE STUDENT SPIRIT

In short, not to enumerate every department's contribution, altogether the school life is developing the student spirit so essential to missionary development. A veteran missionary says of his own experience in entering upon work in the field:—

"My feeling was that I had an apprenticeship to serve to the greatest of all work, and I tried to maintain that attitude of mind. Needless to say the preparation is still going on, and one realizes more than ever that even a long lifetime is not long enough to prepare to be a missionary."—*World Missionary Conference Report*, Vol. 5, p. 101.

More than any other thing in school life, on its intellectual side, is the acquirement of the student spirit,—the love of learning things, and a knowledge of the methods by which to continue student life all one's days. One of our successful missionaries, now dead, asked that a student might be selected for a certain post, because as he put it, "One who has been under thorough school training seems somehow to know better how to meet and overcome difficulties."

The opportunities of school life are exceptional for the development of that spirit of comradeship and friendly co-operation essential to harmonious work in mission fields, where people of varied "temperaments"—disposition is the best word after all—and varied training, must work along in close association at the common task.

To sum up, the fields cry for recruits of good sound attainments, thorough in their work and accurate, and above all, kind and sensible. One veteran of China missions says that it has long been a theory of his that no man or woman should be sent out as a missionary who "does not know how to smile." The plain and thorough acquirements, together with sound religious experience and kindness of heart, are far more than cleverness and brilliancy. Who can think of conditions that can contribute more than school life to all these essentials?

Echoes from the Harvest Ingathering

WHEN the day for our Harvest Ingathering Campaign was announced, I suspect that in every heart rose the desire, "O, how I'd like to stay at home and have that whole day all to myself." It did in mine; but I resisted the temptation, as most others did, and Tuesday morning found a large percentage of us at the car line, with sad, scared looks to offset the bright colored covers of our magazines.

My territory was inhabited by the better middle class, which had both advantages and disadvantages for me. When a hearing was obtained at all, the people were either friendly at once, or decidedly disinterested in missions. I was surprised to learn that the average church-goer today is very conversant with the question of foreign missions in general, and on the whole, sympathetic with the movement, by whatever denomination conducted.

And I was also surprised at the fact that they gave of their means so readily. Each time I received a donation, I thanked the Lord for the privilege of going forth to the world and asking it for donations, free-will offerings, to advance his great work in the earth. It is wonderful to me that they will give at all. Surely this is a movement blessed of the Lord. He sends his angels before us to open the gates of prejudice and superstition, and touch the springs of charity.

I was impressed with the fact that we owe a debt to these people. Every person who has given us dimes or dollars from his store, cries to us unconsciously for help. His offering should be a boomerang, carrying the gospel of Christ to heathen lands, and returning to his own heart with help and light from us who have true light from above. From his darkness, he has given to further the truth. Should not truth, in turn, be carried to him to bless and bring true peace?

I am glad for the experience of the one day of my labors—for this cause. I wish we might have more of them, for I enjoyed the contact with the people, and was myself blessed with a new vision of the world's great need, a need which we as students of this College are preparing to fill. Field days like these, sprinkled among our school days, will keep us awake to the voice of God, the cry of men, and the great call of both, which we must answer. RACHEL SALISBURY.

MY territory was in the residence section of Washington, and consisted of fine dwellings and flats. The Lord had preceeded me in this work, and I was able to get a hearing at almost every door. When I told the people about the College and its Harvest Ingathering work,

many seemed to be acquainted with it, and I found that some were already readers of our literature. I presented the paper in one flat but had not asked for a donation when the madam, with a smile on her face said: "Yes, I know what you want. I am acquainted with you people, for I read the 'Signs' every month." Then she brought me her donation. In another instance the servant met me at the door. When I asked for the lady, she invited me in, and gave me a seat, and then went to the stairway, and called to the madam: "The machine man is here." Soon she returned and held out a dollar bill to me. I knew that that was what I wanted, but she did not know that she did not want to give it to me; and I had to explain to her that I was not the "machine man." I gave the bill back to her and asked for the madam again, but she would not see me.

Across the street, a lady gave a dollar and thus she received the blessing her neighbor missed. This lady asked what denomination I represented. I told her and explained how the heathen were being converted. Her face lighted up with joy and she said, "I am glad that I have that much to give." C. L. ROSS.

The Missionary

*The Lord of love with him has gone,
The gleam is ever by his side;
He has that hand to lean upon,
And O, the weary world is wide!*

*Wide as the gloom the dawn-light leavens
Till far upsoaring skies shine out.
Where all the winds of all the heavens
Blow east and west and north-about.*

*The night is dark, the way is steep,
Salt are the seas he has to swim;
Lions shall roar about his sleep,
Hunger and thirst shall visit him.*

*What dens of darkness shall he thread!
What desert marches make! what foes
About his way their snares shall spread.
While mighty armies round him close!*

*But with the Presence ever near,
As holy powers keep watch and ward,
He goes without a pang of fear
And heartened by the living Lord!*

—Harriet Prescott Spofford.

LITERARY

The Heart of a Boy

C. LOUIS AHRENS

(Concluded)

THE red eastern sun crept around the shoulder of the Turkish forts just as the mail was sent ashore. More than ever the yearning for news from dear old New York, sprang up in the heart of Carlyle. But the morning's council at headquarters had ended in assigning him to the task of re-making his battalion from the remnant heroes of the day before. Evidently the British were going to make one more desperate attempt to break the third and fourth line trenches of the Turks. When the task was completed, he went back to his tent for reflection, and to steel his mind against the time for the final word from his superior.

Early in the evening, Ned came to Wellington's quarters for a few minutes. He told him that he had a letter from home, saying that his cousin Marguerite had gone to London to act as a nurse in the Imperial Hospital. Ned soon left to go back to the hated trench, while Carlyle went to the Commander-in-chief for orders.

With dark forbodings of disaster, he stood before his superior. The general was busy at the time of Carlyle's entrance, but in a few moments he laid down his pen and said: "I hear, Lieutenant Wellington, that you are the officer that silenced the seventh and tenth Turkish batteries, which cut our center after the infantry charges of the first and second line trenches."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, it is not our custom, Mr. Wellington, to put an officer who has once been bathed in blood, into another charge; but we are in desperate straits here, and since you have been so successful, I shall ask you to lead another charge of heavy cavalry. Urge your men to the utmost; and take the positions outlined in your orders—even to annihilation."

"I shall do my best," was Carlyle's answer. Then out into the night he walked—out once more on the sands of the Dardanelles where he could pour out his soul's agony to the great God. But the words, "even to annihilation," kept ringing in his ears; and he whispered the prayer:—

"MY FATHER IN HEAVEN: It is unjust and cowardly to ask for thy protection through the horrors of the morrow. I have been too sinful; I have wandered too far; but I do crave that my comrades may be spared. If my life will save one of them, take it, Lord. Be mindful of daddy at home, and reveal to him in some way my sorrow over a misspent life. Amen."

All of the following day, Carlyle waited and watched for the coming orders. He grew impatient at the seemingly wasted opportunities; but spent his time in cheering the soldiers, and obeying the summons, "urge your men to the utmost." About an hour after dark he saw shells bursting everywhere around the hill overlooking the British positions. It was this hill that had menaced them ever since the first of the campaign, and for which thousands of Australians, Britons, and Canadians had been sacrificed in hope of an easier way to the steel barriers beyond. Suddenly the order came; it read:

"Our artillery have demolished the third line of trenches on hill number seven. Infantry are now charging the fourth. As soon as the flash signal is given, take Turkish batteries commanding this trench *even to annihilation.*"

—Arlington

Commander-in-chief.

Far over on the hillside, Carlyle could see the repeated charges of the light infantry. His friend Ned was among them. Could he be alive after walking straight into the fire and steel that proceeded from Turkish howitzers? Behind him, his own faithful guns were pouring their load of death into the batteries that he was waiting to take. Suddenly the British fire ceased, and the signal was flashed.

"Attention!" he cried.

"Charge!" He could say no more. As one man, his comrades dashed across the plain, and were mounting hill number seven when the hostile batteries opened their rain of death. The first thunder of shells tore whole gaps in the advancing corps, but others came to take their places, when again the trail of ruin swept down the hillside. In the brief lull, Carlyle could be heard saying: "On! on! my men!" But that was the last time he was heard. Again and again the shattered division trembled and wavered; but when hope was faint, and faith growing dim, in one mad rush, their thinned lines silenced the batteries.

At the sound of the "recall," few and strange were the objects that returned across the plain from whence, only an hour before, the flower of an army had ridden in gallant strength. With the Victorian Cross in hand, the commander himself, searched with anxious eyes for

the second Wellington, who had distinguished himself in taking the hardest position from the hated barbarians. But the Lieutenant of the Canadian contingent could not be found; he had fallen in the last weakened efforts of his men to gain the *goal*.

Over the seas, a kind and affectionate father was praying for his runaway boy. Night after night, he remembered him, and lifted him up to the God of heaven, pleading, as always, for his protection. And day after day, in his round of duties, he hoped that sometime his boy would come back to him—and to God—although he never had the faintest conception when.

In the gray of the early morning following the frightful battle of hill number seven, a soldier climbed to his parapet to get a glimpse of the body-strewn field, the price that Britain had paid for the Turkish batteries. To his surprise, a white flag was floating over the top of a tall tree, already stripped of foliage. It was the first specimen of a flag that the enemy had produced. Did it mean surrender? No! It only meant that they would allow a truce for carrying off the wounded and for burning the dead. Anxious indeed, were the hearts that went out over the rough ground in search for the bodies of the living; but more zealous were those who were sent as special embassies from the commander, to hunt for the body of the brave lieutenant.

All through the long, hot morning they toiled; it seemed they had gone everywhere, but he could not be found. About the middle of the afternoon, the work was nearly completed. Only a few remained near the Turkish positions, but as they were considered dead, it was thought best to leave them. But the memory of the loss of their leader kept them later than others; and just as the sun was dipping its face into the deep Mediterranean, one of their party heard a groan. They searched again, but could not discover it. Finally, when it was almost dark, they heard the feeble cry: "On! on! my men!" Only a few feet away, all covered with earth, scars, and blood, and partially hidden by the body of his faithful horse, they found the hero of number seven. Over the trackless waste of barbed entanglements and abandoned trenches, they carried him to safety. Lying on an improvised operating table, doctors worked over him until sure he could live at least long enough to get to some hospital. On the third day an order came to have him sent to a hospital in London; and as the mail steamer was about to sail, he was taken on board with an attendant physician. The voyage at sea was very irksome for him. Not yet had he fully recovered his right mind. In his delirium, he would name over the soldiers whom he knew had fallen in other battles; he would recount his

boyish experiences in the homeland; but always would come back with the same feverish cry, "On! on! my men!"

On the ninth floor of the Imperial Hospital, in a corner near a window, a nurse stood over a young soldier who had been wounded at the Dardanelles. For two weeks she had been with him; and for two weeks the fever raged through his body, until she had almost despaired of saving him. At first she thought little of the wild fancies, broken sentences, and jumbled words that escaped his lips during the night. But he spoke so much about New York, and then after a long silence, would say "Washington," and "dad," and then with determination, "I'm going!"

The first day of August marked the beginning of a new epoch in the life of Lieutenant Wellington. Feverish, delirious days were now past, and he sat up in bed, looking for the first time out over the sea of buildings in the great metropolis. Presently the door opened, and a mail-man handed the nurse a letter. Carlyle noticed a great red stamp on its back upon which was written, "Passed censor on board *Elizabeth*." Hastily she tore open the envelope; it read: "Ned Salisbury missing—believed to have been captured by Turks in the charge on hill number seven." With a cry of grief she threw the letter down before the eyes of her patient, and moaned to herself, "Oh Ned, Ned, this is worse than death." Carlyle stirred as he heard the name of his comrade and said: "Ned is a friend of mine, and are you his cousin Marguerite? He told me of you. Don't worry if he is captured, as we hold two high German officers, and they will demand heavy ransom. I am sure he will be among the English guards returned. He served so well in France, and was so brave in the trenches; I am sure they will ask for him."

"Are you Carlyle Wellington?" Marguerite asked, controlling her grief. "Only *you* could know so much about him. He wrote of your visit on the sands of the Dardanelles."

They said no more for both hearts were full; but from that moment a full understanding existed between them.

In the dusk of the evening on the following day, Marguerite could be seen threading her way through the busy metropolis. She crossed Chancery Lane, and then turned down Victoria Street, and soon stood before the great glass door of the American Embassy. In three minutes she presented herself before the minister from the States. With a woman's eloquence, she told the story of the young American officer, how he had left home, and had joined the "colors," painting in graphic pictures the scene on number seven. She pleaded that the consul go before the English authorities and secure his release.

It was nearly a week later that a messenger boy was ushered to the side of Lieutenant Wellington while he was at the dinner table. The message he gave read: "It will please His Majesty, the King, because of excellent bravery, to release Lieutenant Wellington to follow whatever vocation he may think best. KING GEORGE

Per Cunningham, Secretary."

On Wednesday, August 30, a happy young American walked down the gangplank at the wharves in New York. He immediately sought friends who told him that his father had returned to the old home town. Oh, the joy of home coming! Every happy memory of boyhood days raced for supremacy in his mind. At three-thirty his train left for Ridlonville. How different was he from the boy of six years ago. In his prayer out on the sands he had pleaded, "Be mindful of daddy at home, and reveal to him in some way my sorrow over a misspent life." On the cliffs overlooking the village, he waited for darkness. One by one the lamps in the street were lighted. Just over his head a blue-bird chirped her carol of departure, and away off down the valley, a brown-thrush warbled a song of praise. Carlyle's soul drank deep, wild, draughts of joy. As he descended the hill, an overflowing heart repeated the words: "Dear Lord, I thank thee."

September 12th found the happiest father and son in all the world hustling trunks down to the station. The heart of a boy had changed. The hero of hill number seven was on his way to Washington College.

Dedicated to E. M.

Through the Panama Canal

FLORENCE KNEELAND

It was the longest day in the year which was appointed for our trip through the Canal. As we were to make an early start, Mr. and Mrs. G. I. Mackenzie, with whom the trip was to be made, went on board the evening before. Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie were students here last year, and the trip with them proved to be a pleasant one. Long before daybreak that morning we were up, and by six o'clock, the appointed time, the remainder of the party had gathered on the wharf. The boat on which we were to make the trip was the *Huasco* of the Peruvian line. The captain was an Englishman, but the crew were mostly Peruvians who spoke Spanish. It made us feel as though we were indeed in a foreign land.

We were delayed in leaving Cristobal because of an excess amount of freight which had not been loaded the night before. About

the waters of the Pacific. It was then eleven o'clock, we having been on the way fifteen and a half hours. The captain told us that on his last trip from Peru he had passed through the Canal in seven and a half hours, that being the usual time required. We had been unusually delayed.

The trip had been a pleasant one although somewhat tiresome, and it was with feelings of regret that we neared the Balboa piers, where we were to leave the Mackenzies, who were to continue on their way to Peru. A short ride on the street car brought us to the Mission House which is located in Panama. We finally succeeded in arousing some one to let us in for the night.

The entire length of the Canal from deep water in the Atlantic to deep water in the Pacific is about fifty miles. The Pacific entrance is about twenty-two and a half miles east of the Atlantic entrance, which makes the general direction of the Canal from northwest to southeast. We returned to Cristobal on the early morning train after having had a pleasant and profitable trip.

Seed-time and Harvest

*As o'er his furrowed fields which lie
Beneath a coldly-dropping sky,
Yet chill with winter's melted snow,
The husbandman goes forth to sow.*

*It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Not ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves.*

*Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend 'in one,
And whatsoever is willed, is done!*

*And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dream and slothful ease.*

*But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again;
And, early called, how blest are they
Who wait for heaven their harvest-day!*

— Whittier.



COLLEGE NEWS NOTES

MR. AND MRS. EDWARD JACOBSON spent a few days visiting the College, en route to Porto Rico, where they go to take charge of the English school there. Mr. Jacobson is a graduate of Union College; he also took his M. A. from the University of Nebraska.

MISS SALISBURY resigned her position on the Editorial Staff of THE SLIGONIAN, because of her heavy school work and teaching. She may be gone but she will not be forgotten, neither will we let her forget us. To keep her in practice we shall call upon her for articles, from time to time.

THE Friday evening social meetings are indeed a great inspiration to all who attend. The students look forward to these meetings from one week to another because here, openly, they can tell and hear others tell of the blessings they are receiving from the Lord in their school work. Practical questions that are of great importance to students, are discussed, such as, "What is your life," "The importance of prayer," "Spiritual influence here in College," etc.

MRS. WHITNEY, Mrs. Salisbury's mother, has come to spend the winter with her.

MISS VIVIAN CAIN of South Hall, recently had an operation for appendicitis, at the Sanitarium. She is getting along nicely and hopes to take up her school work soon.

THE question: "Resolved—That President Wilson should be reelected," was debated in the college rhetoric class. Messrs. Warren and Parrish represented the affirmatives, and Messrs. Hottel and Woolgar the negatives. A vote was taken of the class, and the affirmatives won.

WE are very glad to see Professor Wood around the College again. He is rapidly regaining his health after a long siege of typhoid fever, and expects to take up his class work soon.

ELDER WASHBURN, father of Forrest Washburn, and brother of Mrs. Weber, accompanied by Elder George Butler visited our dining-room and enjoyed a meal with us.

GROSVENOR DANIELLS has moved out with Harold Machlan since his parents sailed for China.

MR. AND MRS. HERR of Pennsylvania were guests of their daughter Mary, for a few days.

WE caught a glimpse of Harold Lewis, '16, while he was out spending Sabbath with his family. Sometimes we are inclined to think that our first Editor-in-chief has forgotten us. But we know we do not see more of him because he is so very busy with his medical studies at the George Washington University.

THERE is more than one way of getting to school when a person is really determined. Ellis Branson rode his motorcycle all the way from Chicago, a distance of one thousand one hundred miles.

MISS EDNA TROUT, of Philadelphia, a 1916 Junior of W. M. C., is teaching a church school in the city.

WE consider ourselves indeed fortunate to have had Elder Haskell speak to us in chapel. He assured us that the study of the Bible was the best mental training we could get, because he had proven it.

PROFESSOR SORENSON has purchased the new bungalow in which Elder Kime lived, and has moved his family into it. We are indeed glad to have them out so near the College.

MRS. BRUCE chaperoned the dormitory girls on a "hike" and marshmallow toast, Thursday evening, October 26. The girls say they wish such things would happen often for they help them both physically and mentally.

A NUMBER of the young people of the Park, gave Miss Ruth Phipps a surprise birthday party a few days ago.

THE first number of the Lecture Course, to be delivered during this school year, was given in the chapel, Thursday evening, November the second. The chapel was crowded and the interest good, as Mr. Wyche, President of the "Story Tellers' League of America," told the story of St. Francis of Assisi. The recital of the story of this life, filled with the spirit of service, closed with these words: "The spirit of St. Francis speaks to us across the centuries. Serve well thy brother, thus shalt thou serve well thy Master!"

MISS NATALIA FLORES and Mrs. Cristina Garcia de Rodriguez, from Guatamala City, Guatamala, visited Maria Jiron, November the second. They were en route to New York where they will spend the winter.

IMAGINE the look of surprise and wonderment that came over the faces of the young ladies in the dining-room Monday noon when Mrs. Quantock announced that they were all to meet there Tuesday night promptly at eight o'clock. For what purpose they knew not exactly, but since that was Hallowe'en, they could not help but imagine a good time was awaiting them. But why were the boys slighted? Well, anyway, shortly before the appointed time various ones of the "fair sex" could be seen approaching the Dining Hall. Upon reaching there, the young men acted as hosts for the evening. The tables had been removed from the room, artistic and appropriate decorations had transformed it into a place of real beauty. Desiring to make the guests feel as welcome as possible, each one was provided with a partner.

Mr. Christiansen opened the program with a beautiful piano selection "Last Hope." Then came the address of welcome by Mr. John Thompson in which he made all feel that their presence was really appreciated. The applause which followed Mr. Machlan's flute solo gave full evidence of the appreciation of his hearers. Next came the orator and philosopher, Mr. Shellhaas, speaking on the "Advantages of Co-education." Mr. Washburn favored us with a piano solo, after which came a very unique feature of the program. It was a scene presenting the camp life of our soldiers on the Mexican border, supplemented with patriotic songs rendered by the already famous male quartette—Messrs. Salisbury, Wood, Chesnutt, and MaCentee. After delicious ice cream had been served by the young men, the usual Hallowe'en games were played. All said "good-night" feeling that the young men were well up in the art of entertaining.

PROFESSOR AND MRS. HAMER have for their guests, Mrs. Hamer's mother and grandmother, Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Pedicord, also Professor Hamer's mother.

MESSRS. Shellhaas, Davis, Chestnut, Wood, and Greiner took advantage of the excursion to New York on Saturday night, and spent Sunday in the city sightseeing, returning Sunday night.

ELDER SPICER spoke in Young People's meeting, November 4, on Missions. He said we should not aspire to do big things, because the little things in the Lord's work are always big things. He brought before us the lives of such men as Luther and Livingstone, showing what wonderful things have been done through faith. Elder Spicer leaves for Germany sometime this month.

THE enrolment of the College has reached two hundred and seventy-one. As the number increases, the interest in our work is also increasing.

THE SANITARIUM

DR. H. A. GREEN, medical superintendent of the Boulder, Colorado, Sanitarium was our guest for one day.

MISS ETHEL PIERCE has returned to the Sanitarium with her patient, Mrs. Connor.

WEDNESDAY evening, October 18, the patients were entertained by a musical program, given in the Sanitarium parlor. The program included vocal solos by Mrs. Bowen and Mr. Jenkins; a cornet solo by Mr. Greiner, and piano solos by Miss Estep.

MRS. I. H. EVANS has been a surgical patient here for a few days.

MR. AND MRS. FEUTZ have entered the Bible work in the city.

THE laundry is closed at present, while extensive repairs are being made.

THE Junior nurses entertained the Freshmen at a Hallowe'en party in the Gymnasium. A very interesting program was given, after which they served several kinds of sandwiches and cocoa. The Juniors from the city Hospital were there, making the class complete for the first time in several months.

THE Sanitarium family have been taking part in the Harvest Ingathering Campaign. Already about one hundred dollars have been turned in.

MRS. HARVEY, wife of General Harvey who is head of the District of Columbia Militia, is a guest here.

MRS. LORD, mother of the noted aviator of the U. S. Government, was a recent patient at the Sanitarium.

HON. THOMAS W. SMITH, Washington's great lumber dealer and bank director, is our guest.

REV. AND MRS. PRICE are our guests this week. Rev. Price is a well-known Presbyterian minister of the city.

J. NORMAN KIMBLE of the College, has been a patient here for several days. He is very much improved, and hopes to be out soon.

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Editorial

Do not form the habit of looking at the "bright spots" of life through colored glasses.

§ § §

"MUSIC hath charms," especially if it is good music. One way to secure the enjoyment and at the same time the training that the study of music gives, would be in the formation of a glee-club. Surely there ought to be sufficient talent and enthusiasm in the College to make an organization of this sort a very helpful one.

§ § §

PROMISES like ropes of sand are easily broken; therefore beware of the man of many promises. It too often happens that many promises so easily made are as easily broken. However, promises may be a source of help and blessing if they are carefully guarded in the making and then carefully fulfilled. So many of us are apt to promise a thing on the spur of the moment, scarcely stopping to count the cost or the consequences. Later we may wish we had not promised; and even though we perform it, the promise fulfilled in that spirit would not be especially gratifying to him for whom it was performed, nor satisfactory to ourselves.

PERHAPS you have never thought of such a thing as courtesy in regard to time; so let me relate a little incident. Study period had begun; and throughout the dormitory every one was busily engaged with her work for the evening—yes, all but one. As she thought of her work for a moment, she decided that she must see one of her classmates about a certain lesson. Since it was about lessons, surely such a visit was permissible. However, the friend from whom she wished help was somewhat inconvenienced by the visit. This was the way of it: she prepared her lessons “by schedule” so of course an interruption proved to be a loss of time for her. This was not only true of the friend, but her roommate was also disturbed in her work.

Is it just the right thing to expect us to waste our time, or for us to waste the time of others, when there are important lessons to be learned? “A word to the wise is sufficient.” Let us be courteous in regard to the time of our friends, as well as in our other associations with them.

F. R. K.

❧ ❧ ❧

OUR College is a busy place; but do not say that you are too busy to join in any of the school activities. Better take one less subject, if need be, and enter heartily into some activity; for that is where you really get experience. Theory is found in text-books; but you need to apply your knowledge; and here is the very best place to begin.

Why not join one of the Young People’s Society bands? If you plan to enter the ministry, join the ministerial band. If you intend to do Bible work, the Bible workers’ band affords ample opportunities to learn how to give Bible readings. Then again, the mission band is large and interesting. W. M. C. is a missionary College, and why not make it even more so by becoming enthusiastic over mission work? If you are too bashful to do missionary work openly, or for some reason you cannot enter that phase of the work, you can at least become a member of the correspondence band. Besides these, we have a Christian help band, a young people’s leaders’ band and a canvassers’ band. So you surely ought to become associated with one of these bands, and do some active work for the Master.

L. H. F.

❧ ❧ ❧

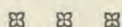
Do not be known by your complaints. It does not take a smart man to find things to which he objects. It does require a man out of the ordinary, however, to overlook the drawbacks, and find those things which are worthy of praise and support.

There are some persons who have a penchant for finding fault; but haven’t you noticed that they are the least capable of suggesting practical plans to correct what they consider defects? If you must

look for trouble, endeavor before presenting it to others, to formulate plans for obviating it. Another well-known fact about the fault-finder is that he is so often the one that has so many weak spots.

There is not enough sympathy in the world. We are becoming colder every day. There is a tendency to keep away from persons in trouble for fear that some favor may be asked or expected. When you see a man in hard luck, imagine yourself in the same place, and think how gratefully you would welcome the sympathetic smile of a friend. Just a pat on the back is helpful. You will find infinitely more satisfaction in looking for the good things. Scatter a little sunshine and see how it will warm your own heart, as well as some one else's.

M. B.



“IN everything give thanks”

To you in foreign lands as well as to you in the dear homeland, on the day set apart for the giving of thanks, will come remembrance of God's all embracing love. Surely, each and every one of us has many things to give thanks for—“if not for the things we *want*, at least for the things we *have*.”

We can give thanks for the heavenly hand which guides and directs us in our most ordinary duties; for the knowledge that even though the breadth of the sea may separate us in this earthly life from those we love, there will be no partings in heaven; for the knowledge that if we *have* sacrificed or suffered affliction for Christ's sake, we shall be partakers of his glory.

You who are working as ambassadors for Christ in the heathen lands can thank God for health, and the privilege he gives you in doing this service for the one who purchased salvation for you by his death on Calvary; for the open doors and peace of your chosen field; for the sufficient if simple and plain necessities of life; and above all for the knowledge that God is with you, overruling, protecting, and aiding you every moment of the day.

And all Christians, young and old, rich and poor, will raise their hearts in praise to the Master of the universe for the gift of his beloved Son to redeem a fallen world. When we stop to think that “God so loved the world,” we realize the immensity of our debt to God. “All of our temporal and eternal blessings we owe to the spilt blood of our Lord and Saviour.”

Then let us not only on the day designated as “Thanksgiving Day,” but at every time and “in all things” give thanks.

J. R. E.

Optimism, False and True

HUGH WILLIAMS

"HAPPY is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, and whose hope is in the Lord his God."

Before election-day we were told why a certain candidate should be elected for president. Each party assured us prosperity if we would vote for its leader. Optimists went on their tours through all the country in the effort to inspire men with hope in the government of their party. Keen interest was aroused, and voters waited with breathless expectation to find out which way the tide would turn. When the news was published, though some were disappointed, millions of persons were excited and happy. What they had been so eager for, had taken place and had actually turned their way. Now it would be unwise to doubt that these persons were happy. Nor on the other hand did the prophet say that no pleasure would be found by those who put their trust in princes; but directing the attention to real pleasure, he said: "Happy is he . . . whose hope is in the Lord his God."

The hope which is found in God cannot be equalled by any other. One may find ill-balanced happiness in a hope which does not look to the God of Jacob for help; but all such prospects, however bright they may be, have a background of uncertainty, and are subject to disappointment. Plans for the future are sure to have a place in the normal mind, and rightly so. The heart becomes set on accomplishing a certain work, and untiring efforts are made toward a definite goal. Admirable perseverance and other good traits of character may be exercised, and yet if an understanding with God has been overlooked, there is a lack of real sunshine in the life.

It is important to understand the difference between a true and a false hope. The former is the only one that can give any assurance of a reward after death. The latter is very fascinating and yet deceiving. A person possessing it has a selfish interest in the future. If a student, he has a greater desire to win distinction in scholarship than to "excel in things which are high, noble, and unselfish." He is more anxious to secure a degree, than to prepare thoroughly for God's work, more interested in his future position and reputation than in the real value he can be to others. Persons who have it in their power to place him in an honorable position, he makes his favorites, and seeks to win their partiality. Rather than looking to God for help he tries to win success through his own merits. Being more concerned over his own personal advancement than that of the truth of God, he moves on self-deluded, and his desire for fame will not allow him to see the end of his course.

On the other hand, true hope in God is enlightening and ennobling. It gives one a vision of the future that makes him happy under adverse circumstances. It takes away the fear of torment, and changes the so-called doubtful Christian into a heavenly sunbeam.

True hope in God is not easily obtained, but possible for all to have. Satan does not want us to have it and therefore devises many means of crowding it out. He knows we cannot have it while unwilling to give up sin; and so he tries to make us doubt God's love, in thinking that our Creator has withheld something from us that is for our good; and that he does not want us to have any enjoyment. But the One who can see the end of such a course invites us to put our hope in him and what he can give, and tells us that "eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man the things that God hath prepared for them that love him." "For I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you an expected end." All our painful struggles and mental sufferings are sent to us by a friendly God. He allows troubles and disappointments to come so that we will learn to have him as our source of help and life.

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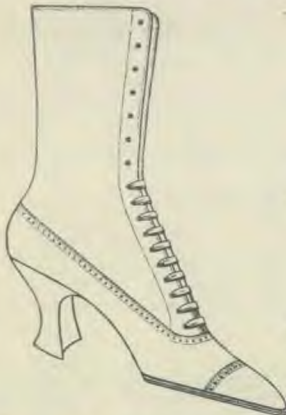
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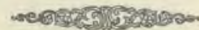
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